

The Light on the Dark Side of Me

by wishfulthnkng

Category: Blacklist

Genre: Angst, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-10 20:46:27

Updated: 2016-04-17 19:38:43

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:23:01

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,385

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: When it all spirals out of control, how will Red and Lizzie find their way. Title inspired by Kiss from a Rose (but it has nothing to do with the story). Lizzington centric. Few appearances from other characters Warning: smut

1. Chapter 1

****One****

****Author's note: Don't forget to leave a review.****

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It started with an innocent kiss and then snowballed into an inferno. Lizzie's hands were busy unbuttoning Ray's shirt (why did the man wear so many layers?) Ray's hands were tangled in her hair while he kissed her deeply. Once she was done, Lizzie ran her fingers through the hair on his chest. That wasn't enough. Her hands moved south to his trousers. Suddenly, Ray pulled away.

"Slow down. Or this will be over too quickly" he warned.

"Is that a threat?" Lizzie asked as she continued her foray.

Ray went back to his exploration of Lizzie, his hands everywhere on her body. Lizzie lost her concentration because of his roaming hands. But she wasn't one to miss the target. Finally freed of the restraint, Ray's large erect penis was in Lizzie's hands. She rubbed her thumb over the broad head and heard Ray groan. He became aggressive in his efforts. Lizzie was divested of her clothes in no time. Raymond turned her to face away from him quite abruptly. With her back to him, he had greater access to her body. While his erection, which had grown impossibly large, snaked across her ass, his hands had found her breasts. He pinched her nipples and massaged them.

"I can't wait any longer. I have to do this now" he groaned out against her hair.

A wave of intense pleasure rolled down Liz' body as his voice washed over her. One of his hands trailed lower, till it found its target. He inserted a finger inside her and found her wet. He stroked inside her a twice with his finger before pulling it out. Without further ado, he adjusted himself and thrust inside her. Hard. Liz groaned, whether in pain or pleasure, she couldn't tell. His erection stretched her tight. He filled her completely. She knew was going to come soon. Liz wanted to touch him badly, but with behind her, she couldn't.

"Ray", she ground out. The urgency clear in her voice.

"Lizzie" he breathed against her shoulder, his hands still on her breasts, as he pumped inside her. He knew she was close too. One hand left her breast and travelled down her body to flick her clit.

It was instant. It was as if Liz had been waiting for this. She burst into a million little pieces and sagged against him. With her orgasm, Red moved faster and harder, his own orgasm approaching fast. At the pinnacle, he bit into her shoulder and let himself go. He came inside her wildly. It was the most intense experience of Red's life.

Never in a million years had he thought that he'd be inside Lizzie, making sweet love to her. It just hadn't crossed his mind. How and when he crossed the borders into this unknown territory, he didn't know. Of course he'd loved her. He just didn't know how far it went. All he knew was that Lizzie was his, now and forever. How they'd gotten to this point, neither of them was sure. It was spontaneous. It left him both shaken and wanting more. Begrudgingly, he pulled out of Lizzie.

Lizzie's body still hummed with the pleasure Ray had given her only a few moments ago. His semen was smeared on her thighs. She felt him pull her into his bedroom and sit her down on the bed. But she was too content in her own little world to protest. She knew this wasn't a one-off. Now that she'd had a taste of the passion she and Ray shared, there was no going back. The question was what would happen should anyone at work was to find out. This just wasn't done. Instinctively she knew Ray was thinking the same because she felt his body tense.

"I don't know what will happen when they find out", she said.

Ray sighed.

"I know", his voice carried a note of sadness. "This arrangement will be over in the blink of an eye. They'll throw me in prison. Probably both of us. You for being an accomplice."

"Or you could vanish and I lose my job", Liz suggested.

Ray took a deep breath. "I didn't do long-term. Now I'm vulnerable. You are my weakness. There are hundreds of reasons we shouldn't be together. I'm too old for you, too jaded, too criminal. There's just one reason to stay. I love you. You can't possibly think that I could leave you behind after what we've just done. And are going to do again. A million times", what had begun on a serious note had turned

a bit towards the intimate side. As Liz noticed, he was aroused again. It was just thinking about making love to Liz that had given him an erection. In response, Ray saw Lizzie's pupils widen and he leaned in to kiss her deeply.

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On a Sunday morning some four months later, Lizzie woke up with a sick feeling. She barely made in time to the bathroom. Ray had woken up too. Alarmed by Liz' flurry, he followed her only to hear her retch. With a sickening feeling he knew exactly what it was. He wanted to vomit. How could Lizzie do this to him? He felt betrayed. No. He had been there too. He was equally responsible for this situation. They were adults, they'd sit down and talk about this very reasonably.

While he cooked this plan, Lizzie came out of the bathroom. She sensed the turmoil. Ray straightened when he saw her.

"How long?" he asked.

Liz looked puzzled. "How long what?" she asked.

He looked at her incredulously. "How long have you known and how far along are you?"

"What? You think I'm pregnant" Liz asked incredulously.

"You mean you don't know. It's been a while since you had your period."

He was keeping track of her bodily functions? She opened her mouth to say something, but he beat her to it.

"Damn right I know! I sleep with you!" Ray, let anger get the better of him. He gestured to Liz with his hand that he was trying to slow down.

"Okay look, I think you're pregnant. We should have a test done and if that's the case, then we'll deal with it", Ray suggested.

Liz was still in shock over Ray's assumption. She had never thought about this eventuality. Now it might be true. Things were going to get very complicated. Somehow, she didn't like Ray's insinuation of "dealing with it". But she didn't say much, just pondered all the possibilities.

Ray made all the arrangements for a very discrete test. Only he could have pulled it off within the space of a few minutes. He knew she was pregnant, but he went through the motion just for her sake. He reminded himself not to think of it until they were absolutely certain. But the fear had begun to grow in his heart. Oh he knew what being a father entailed â€" he'd been one long ago. But he didn't want to travel that road again. He loved Lizzie with everything in his being. In another life, he'd be ecstatic about having a baby with her. Not now, not in this life he was living. There was no way he would bring a baby in this world, where any one of his enemies could hurt them to hurt Red.

The test result was due the next day. Elizabeth felt time was moving

too slowly. It was the first time that Ray had left Lizzie alone for the night. It hadn't happened since they'd started seeing each other. She could hardly contain herself. Ray had been distant and withdrawn, but she didn't let that dampen her spirits. The more she thought about it, the more the idea of a baby seemed to grow on her. If the test came back negative, she'd be extremely disappointed. A baby! Hers and Ray's! She was over the moon.

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Ray had insisted on accompanying Lizzie to the doctor. In fact, he was absolutely adamant. Lizzie noticed he was very tense and anxious. She was anxious too, but she had other reasons. Her life was going to change â€" perhaps she'd have the baby girl she had wanted forever. Everything was a blur. And she found herself sitting on the chair in the doctor's office. She reached out and held Ray's hand. It was unusually cold. He gave her a reassuring squeeze. But his eyes betrayed turmoil. Elizabeth knew life was changing for both of them. They'd have to work things out.

The pleasant doctor smiled and told her what she wanted to know. "Ms. Keen, you're pregnantâ€|". Lizzie whooped in joy and looped her arms around Ray's neck. She noticed he had gone still. She assumed he was just awestruck. In reality, everything drowned out under the strange ringing in Ray's ears. He had known it. Why should it hit him this hard? When he came out of his reverie, the doctor was giving instructions to Lizzie.

"Doctor", he interrupted, and waited for her to look at him. "I need you to refer us to the best clinic for an abortion".

2. Chapter 2

****Two****

****Author's note: Dont forget to review.****

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Liz looked at him slack-jawed. What had he just said? He hadn't even talked to her about it! She regained some composure and set her foot down.

"No! I'm not getting rid of my baby!" with that, she stormed out.

Ray chased after her. Outside the clinic she hailed a taxi instead of getting into Ray's car (which Dembe was driving). Ray surprised even himself with the speed with which he chased her and got into the taxi before it drove away. After ensuring that Dembe was following them, he turned to look at Lizzie. She was trying very hard not to cry. He hated to see her this way. He hated himself for bringing her to this situation. Without saying a word, he reached for her hand. She didn't pull away. As he held it in his, he felt how cold it was. Cripes! He was such a bastard. They'd talk once they arrived at their destination. He had so much to say and Liz would have to listen.

They arrived at their destination and Liz just stormed through the

front door. Ray closed it behind him. Liz heard him give instructions to Dembe and then walk over to the sofa she sat on. He sank down next to her and pulled her close. She let him. He kissed the top of her head.

"Lizzie, please hear me out. We can't have this baby", he said.

Liz tried to pull away. He wouldn't let her. But she was forceful.

"You monster! You want to kill your own child!" Liz cried. Ray flinched.

"It's too dangerous. It's a risk I cannot take. I have enemies â€" Ray tried to defend himself.

Whatever he was going to say next was cut off by Liz. She was now standing at a distance, having pushed him away. "Jee, let me get this straight. You want to kill my baby because you have enemies?" Her tone was incredulous. "Just listen to yourself!" She yelled before she ran into their room. He didn't follow.

Her emphasis on "my baby" was not lost on him. But he also knew what she said was right. To someone else, his words were rubbish â€" he was killing his own baby so others wouldn't. But he knew there were a number of people who wouldn't shy away from harming a baby or even Lizzie just to hurt him. And he didn't want to be in pain â€" not where Lizzie was concerned. He was in a very strange place â€" he couldn't have the baby, but he couldn't make Lizzie get an abortion either. Sure, he could try his underhanded methods, but it would prove to be his undoing. He wouldn't risk her hatred.

When he came out of his thoughts a few brief moments later, he focused on the sounds coming from the room. There was lots of movement. He opened the door to the room and saw Lizzie throwing her possessions into the her handbag. Alarms started going around his head.

"What are you doing?" he asked, because he was at a loss for words.

"What does it look like? I'm going back to my motel. I'm getting out of here. I cannot stay a minute longer than I have to. I don't want you to trick me. I don't want to wake up tomorrow after you've conveniently gotten rid of the baby", she ended her tirade.

Red had gone quite pale. The prospect of her leaving his house under the circumstances was the beginning of a horrific tale for him. He was being watched, for God's sake, and her leaving in this state might give off signals to the wrong people. The fact that she thought that he would force her in some way to terminate the pregnancy was excruciatingly painful. She walked past him towards the main door. He was a bit slow, but he caught her before she could walk out into the street.

"You make people disappear for a living! If you think people will come for the baby, then make us disappear too!" He understood what she was saying. But he wanted her close, not far away. He would go mad if he didn't see her, didn't know she was alright, especially now that she was carrying his child. His child. How he wanted for

everything to disappear. So he could have a normal life â€" a woman who loved him and a baby to spoil. But he was the Concierge of Crime. He couldn't afford that.

"Lizzie, sweetheart, I promise I won't do anything that you don't want me to. But please don't walk away", he implored. "I will not force you to have an abortion. Come with me and we'll talk. We'll get through this".

Lizzie sagged against the door and he knew he'd talked her out of walking away for now. He led her back to the bedroom and sat her down. He looked at her, she was pale and looked fatigued. Ray wanted to beat himself. She was pregnant with his child and he hadn't even asked her how she was feeling. He still didn't want to bring a child into the grand mess of his life, but he couldn't force her to terminate either. It was her prerogative. If Ray stood in her shoes, he'd hate himself. If she didn't hate him already, she would soon enough. He would have to take measures for her protection.

While he thought all of that, he lifted her legs on to the bed and pushed her back in a lying position. He took off her shoes and pulled the covers to her shoulder.

"Lizzie, sleep for a while. You need to rest." He smoothed her hair and placed a kiss on her forehead. "I'll be right here if you need me".

Sure enough, when she woke up, he was still sitting in the chair. One look at the clock told her she had slept for an hour and a half. The details from earlier rushed back and her heartbeat kicked up. She looked back at him and noticed him studying her.

"Dembe will take you back to the motel. I have to go away for 2 days. We'll talk when I get back", he told her. As he said it, he got up from the chair and planted a kiss on the top of her head and then quietly left the room.

The following day, Liz schooled her features and went to the Post Office. She saw the place as if it was her first time there. Perhaps, it was. She saw the place as a mother. She saw potential dangers to her unborn baby. Aram saw her and came over.

"How do you feel, Agent Keen?", he asked in his usual cheerful manner.

For a second, Liz was astonished. She hadn't told anyone about her pregnancy. And Ray had assured her that the doctor was discrete. And then she remembered that she had called in sick the day before.

"I feel better, Aram. Thank you", she assured him and went to her station.

She thought about her morning sickness. She had already crossed the 3 month mark, without even realizing. The next few weeks would be difficult for her with the nausea and the sickness and work. She'd have to tell the team soon. But today was not the day. A couple of times she managed to sneak off to the ladies room unnoticed. She wondered when her colleagues would be on to her. but for now she was safe.

Ray hadn't gotten in touch since he left. Today would be the first day of his absence. Liz wouldn't see him anytime soon. It made her want to cry. She cursed her pregnancy hormones and went back to her files.

The second day went by in a blur, there were bad guys to catch and put behind bars. Somehow, during the chase (she had limited herself to as little action as she could manage), Liz had scraped her hand. It was minor and just needed to be bandaged. As soon as she entered her room at the motel she knew someone was there. Her hand went to her weapon. In retrospect, she should have known. It was Reddington. He was waiting for her.

"Lizzie", he whispered. His eyes zoomed in on her bandaged hand. "What is this?" he took her hand carefully in his.

"It's just a graze. You're back earlier", she said. It wasn't a question.

"Yes, I had to". He was somewhat impatient, she could see, and agitated. "How have you been?"

"Morning sickness?" he asked.

"Some" she replied.

Then they lapsed into uncomfortable silence.

It was a few moments later when Ray, handed a manila envelope to her. "Lizzie, you can't live here. You're having a baby, this is not the right place. It's not safe."

She didn't like it when he said "a baby".

"There's a deed for a house in the envelope and trust fund for the child. You'll not have to worry about any of it" he continued.

"You want me to just take it! Like a pay off!" she accused.

"Lizzie, it's not like that", he sounded weary. "I don't want you to worry. I want you to have the best of everything. Both, you and the little one. I'm right here. I'll stand by you, be with you every step of the way. I never wantedâ€¦" he trailed off. This was Reddington, she knew there was more.

Once more, he grabbed her hand and pulled her over to sit down. He never let go of her hand. He held on to her tightly. "You've made up your mind to keep the baby. Did you tell anyone at work?"

She shook her head. A wave of relief went down her body.

"Good." He said and became silent once more. She could tell he wanted to say something else, but was having trouble. "You can't give the baby my name".

Liz hadn't really thought he'd drop that bombshell. But on some level she had expected that.

"Of course", she said blandly.

"Lizzie, it's not what you think. I want to keep you safe. Having my name will endanger you both. It's a curse. I can't bear it if you're ever hurt because of me. We'll work something out".

He'd already told Lizzie that he didn't want the baby. She was hurt because of that and she wouldn't forgive him anytime soon. She understood now where he was coming from. Maybe she could make him come around. She knew he was trying. And she'd try too.

End
file.